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TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'd the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I seek not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art—
But seem as to my childhood's sight
A mid-way station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Between the earth and heaven.
Can all that spirit's touch, unfurl
Thy form to flesh and bone,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
And hid in the radiant bow?
When Science from erration's face
Enchantment's veil withdrew,
What lovely visions yield their place
To solid material bow?
And yet, fair bow, no fading dream,
But words of the Most High
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was worn in the sky.
When e'er the green undrugged earth
Heaven's earthen dust doth share,
How come the world's grey fathoms forth,
To watch the meteor's glare?
And when its yellow lustre smiles,
O'er mountains yet unscathed,
Each mother holds a babe in arms,
To bless the lowly bow?
Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang,
O'er earth and sea, from the deep,
And the first song sang.
Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam;
Thou art the dawn of prophecy,
Thou art the poet's dream.
The earth to her bosom yields,
The task thy welcome sign,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The many mushroom springs.
How glorious is thy girle cast
O'er mountains, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A flood of splendour down.
As fresh in yon horizon dale,
As young thy beauties seen,
As when the eagle from the ark
First spread his pinion.
For faithful to thy sacred page,
Heaven will rebuke thy open,
Nor let the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

From Little's Museum.

THE TWO EMILIES.

"Well, this is sufficiently tantalizing," exclaimed young Harry Ponsoby, as he sat at his solitary breakfast, sipping a cup of very indifferent tea, and perusing a little which had just been brought to him. "Now, here have I been for this month past, thinking, dreaming, and talking of nothing else than my expected meeting with my dear little Emily; and at the very moment I am going to set off on this delightful errand, I am to be disappointed, to be disappointed!—Deuce take me if I go at all," said the impatient youth, tossing the unwelcome epistle from him to the furthest corner of the room.
The letter which called forth this burst of impatience from the youthful lover, was from his guardian, Mr. Devereux, and we shall give its purport in his own words, as follows:—"Dear Harry, we are rejoiced to hear of your success at Cambridge, and at the same time, may I practise gently upon the ear of my Emily, who, though not perhaps so gay as her lively cousin, is very much what her father could wish her to be; and who, together with Mrs. Betty and myself, will be delighted to see you at Stokely Priory." &c. &c.
"Well, perhaps Mr. Devereux was right, and I was wrong after all," said Ponsoby, as after another perusal he crumpled the letter into his pocket, and threw himself into the carriage which had been waiting for some time. "But unfortunately the promise was given before I was aware of his intentions, or at least before I had done more than half suspect them. And now, what if Emily should have grown up coarse!—but surely that is impossible!—she was so pretty and so playful!—Let me see, it is just five years since I saw her last!—she was then but thirteen; and now she is eighteen—what a charming age!"—and in contemplation of that golden age, and on the change which five years must have made on the Emily, the hours rolled on and he did not care to be troubled with the thought of the carriage until he arrived at Stokely Priory.
It was a bitter sharp evening in the end of February; the ground was covered with snow, and the sound of the carriage wheels was scarcely to be heard as it swept round the circle, and stopped at the door of his guardian's mansion.
Ponsoby was one of those youths who delight in surprises, and who love to throw the whole precise arrangements of a quiet family into confusion. He congratulated himself, therefore, that no one appeared at the door to receive him, except the old butler, a favourite domestic of the family, and was still better pleased, when old John assured him that he might, if desirous of so doing, steal upon the family quite unawares; "for," added he, "master always makes Miss Emily sing to him after dinner, until the candles come, while he sits listening with his eyes shut in an arm-chair, and Mrs. Betty is sleeping in 't'other; so if you go in by the anteroom air, you may hear Miss Emily sing, and she be never the wiser; but you know, sir, it's not your Miss—I mean, sir, that is 't'other Miss Emily, master's daughter, that's at home now."—"I know, I know, John; I shall be very happy to see Miss Devereux, and to make acquaintance with her."—So saying, Harry slipped lightly up the staircase, and softly opened the door of the apartment which led to the drawing-room, he stopped for a moment, lest the noise of his footsteps should arrest the sweet sounds which met his ear from thence.—Oh, what a voice was that! so soft, so full, so sweet!—but it was not his Emily who sang, and a pang of disappointment thrilled through his breast.

Harry was passionately fond of music, and he stood chained to the spot, drinking in the rich melody which seemed to penetrate his soul. The air was one he well knew,—it was a beautiful French air from the opera of *Jocunde*—"Dans un delirieux." There was something in the tenderness with which the words were breathed, which thrilled through his heart. Had it been his Emily who sang, what a moment of delight would this have been!—But he had no time to sigh or to think about the matter, for old John entered the room with candles, and at this moment an exclamation of surprise, and, as Harry fancied, of pleasure, escaped the lips of the lovely songstress—for lovely indeed she appeared, as she started from the instrument, her cheek suffused with the brightest blushes, while she hastily extended, and as hastily drew back the prettiest little hand in the world. "Papa, it is Mr. Ponsoby," said Emily, "and I have almost introduced myself to him." Mr. Devereux rose to welcome Harry, and complete the introduction, while Mrs. Betty rubbed her eyes, and, putting on her spectacles, exclaimed, "Bless me! Master Harry!—it surely can't be—why, he is a finer man than his father was, and that I thought hardly possible."—"Do spare my blushes, dear Mrs. Elizabeth," said Ponsoby, grasping the old lady's hand with much kindness; "you know I was always a modest youth, and I would not have my fair cousin think me otherwise now, although I have been so bold as to steal upon you unannounced,—but the temptation old John held out was not to be resisted, and the sounds I have heard not easily to be forgotten."—"What, Mr. Ponsoby, and you have been a listener," said the blushing Emily; "well, my cousin Emily told me many of your faults, but she did not give me reason to believe you were so very unprincipled."—"Did Emily speak of me to you?" inquired Harry with eagerness; "and what did she say?"—"You must tell me what faults she said I had, that I may set about reforming them."—"Come, come," said Mr. Devereux, "we shall not enter upon so ample a field at present; see, the urn is smoking on the table, and no tea in it yet. Why, Emily, you are getting as giddy as your cousin; and I have been telling Harry here, that you are a paragon of steadiness and regularity."—An arch smile played for a moment around the rosy lips of Emily, as, without further reply, she rose and began to bathe herself in the duties of the tea-table. Harry and his guardian talked about his Cambridge studies and future views; and thus, by the time the tea was over, the evening quickly passed in pleasant conversation.
When Ponsoby had retired at night to his old quarters in the blue room, he cast around him a glance of cheerful recognition upon every familiar thing, grown dear from the recollections and associations of childhood; to protect his plighted faith—"Then this Emily is so like her cousin," reasoned he with his own conscience, "that I almost forget myself in her presence; and yet she is different too—more grave, more thoughtful. My Emily's face was ever speaking even when her tongue was silent." Thus making out a catalogue of his little Emily's charms, and confusing them gradually with those of her lovely cousin, the bewildered Ponsoby fell asleep.
A week had passed away, and Ponsoby was forced to acknowledge that his uncle's acquaintance with the human heart was greater than his own, that it would have been far better for himself, had he submitted to be governed by it. But the fault of Harry Ponsoby had ever been impetuosity, and it required all the generosity of his disposition, and all his high sense of honour, to atone for the imprudences which he too often committed.
Little Emily, as she had always been called, to distinguish her from her cousin, who was a few months older, and formed upon a larger scale, was the orphan daughter of a younger brother of Mr. Devereux. He had filled a high situation in India, and upon the death of his wife, sent home his only child to be educated with her cousin. His own death quickly followed, and Emily's recollections of her parents and of India, were but as a dream, while all the bright realities of youth were connected with Stokely Priory, and the kind friends she had found there. Mr. Devereux was a widower, but the two Emilies passed their earlier years under the tuition of an excellent governess, between whose attentive solicitude, and the caresses of good aunt Betty, the loss of a mother was never felt. Mrs. Elizabeth Devereux was an unmarried sister of Mr. Devereux's father, and consequently grand-aunt to the children. She was the kindest of women, and the sweetest of old maids. She did not attempt, with her old-fashioned habits and ideas, to reform the ways and manners of the young; but she entered into their tastes, and made allowance for their feelings and their manners, for which she was repaid by the tenderest affection and the most watchful care.
As the cousins grew out of childhood, Mr. Devereux found it necessary to alter his plan of educating them together. Their governess had accepted an advantageous offer of superintending a limited establishment for young ladies; and the increasing infirmities of his aunt, made Mr. Devereux unwilling to deprive her of the society of both the little girls at once. A plan was therefore arranged that the cousins should each alternately be for a year with their former governess, until their education should be completed. Thus it happened, that during the twelve months which Harry had passed with his guardian, previous to his quitting him for college, the younger Emily had been his only companion, and the natural consequence of their being thus thrown together, was a growing affection for each other. Ponsoby then thought that his love for Emily was the sweetest, and would be the most enduring feeling, of his existence; he had cherished it during five long years of absence, and had been proud to feel that it never was stronger than at the moment when he was expected to be restored to her. All this was true—and even now he felt that sweet and young affection warm at his heart;—ah, how different from this was the wild tumultuous feeling which now swelled his breast, and beat in every pulse, as woman, lovely, full-grown, woman, asserted her way, and burst upon him in all her charms!
But not unchecked did young Ponsoby permit himself to indulge in this sweet intoxication; severely did he take himself to task, and yet he scarce could say whence the blame had arisen. He had come prepared to love his own

long-cherished mistress, yet ere one wandering thought had sprung into his breast, he had listened to that voice which could never be forgotten, and gazed on those bewitching eyes which still would follow him wherever he went. Yet was it long before the youth would admit the painful, humiliating truth, that his first love was extinguished, or had never deserved the name of that omnipotent passion. His upright honourable heart turned with pain from the possibility of such unfaithfulness, and he shut his eyes to the danger, and resolved to struggle with it, if it indeed existed.
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A dark, vertical, textured strip, possibly a book binding or a piece of fabric, with a lighter, textured strip visible along the left edge.

Vestings, with an assortment of Spring and Summer goods, all of which they will make up in a fashionable style, and at a short notice,
May 18-5m